

Warmth (Remi Puguna)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21008342>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Promare (2019)
Characters:	Remi Puguna , Ignis , Galo Thymos , Lucia Fex , Aina Ardebit , Varys Truss
Additional Tags:	Anime
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of From Ash Anew
Stats:	Published: 2019-10-13 Words: 1,601 Chapters: 1/1

Warmth (Remi Puguna)

by [Melzious](#)

Summary

Cold and Calculating. Those words scared people away from delving deeper to find the true Remi Puguna.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

He felt out of place. Alienated. Isolated. Left cold and dry. This was all of his own doing, his doubts and insecurities. Blaming his parents felt right, yet so utterly wrong. Perhaps it was because of morals. His parents were supposed to nurture him and bring out his most prominent traits, allowing them to become a glistening beacon amongst the lesser qualities. If he, many years younger, could understand this moral, this truth of the world, how could they not? Every trait has two sides. They could be flaws or they could transform into strengths that create a person and drives their actions. Though it was a common opinion that a person envisioned and brought to life their path and was solely responsible for their decisions, this was gravely false. There was only so much a person could control. Humans are inherently weak physically and mentally. Of course, this entailed intelligence--and will power, as well.

Will power? Did Remi have it? Or was he just a result of his parent's creation. They considered the basis of his personality and flaw beyond redemption. There was no salvation for it unless it was completely erased away, annihilated from existence. As a child, he was always reserved. He preferred to surround himself in items and people that nurtured intelligence. He had books, puzzles, things he could keenly observe. People? He had none. When the world does not work the way you expect it to be, people harbor fear close to their hearts. They clutch it as a safety mechanism so they never have to integrate themselves with change. Of course, some people found change to be intriguing and meaningful. They found consistency bland and unfulfilling. Remi was both the cause of this fear and someone who embraced experiences the jolt of surprise the unexpected, the unknown gave.

Though he never heard it said in front of his face, he still heard a vast amount of words that pierced his heart as if they were a vengeful dagger. That blue boy--such a cute kid--yet so unnerving. Was he creepy? He never stared at people, never followed them around like a lost puppy. Some of the other kids, both boys and girls, did that. Yet, it was considered endearing. Remi felt as if it were an invasion of personal space and a disregard of respect. The world was backwards...wasn't it? What gift could those slinking children give besides discrete attention? Remi offered insight on ways to better teaching habits. He helped pushed his schoolmates to go beyond the average grades they had. All of this would improve academic life and, in turn, improve the quality of intelligence that pushes the world forward. He wanted that. He thought that others would want that.

They did not. They thought he was a freak.

His demeanor changed as a result of this small portion of his childhood. He experienced fear--not of unknown--but the known. He saw the reactions of other people. They were consistently the same. Why should he attempt to change himself, forsake himself, if the results would end just as they did in the past? He grew distant. He knew he would find little solace in other people, so he turned to himself. How dreadfully boring could they be anyway? If Remi told that semi-lie to himself, maybe he could lessen the pain. If his parents would only try and push their ideals of what their son should be instead of nurturing him, he would do so himself. He fell into pages of books. One might expect he would only divulge in nonfiction; however, this was wildly incorrect. He adored fiction. Seeing the characters, the utter perfection in imperfection that he could analyze without being judged, without guilt, was a sensation like none other.

He wanted that. He needed that.

He wrote in a spiral-bound notebook that everyone assumed to be notes. Yes, it did include notes and observations. The best tales are woven from a bent distortion of reality. Remi spun words into intricate tales with morals that made him feel more secure. He never found this as a sense of shame; he found solace and strength in it. Seeing his thoughts manifest in a way that was not blunt and straightforward made him feel like he was not made of the words that people spoke both to his face and behind his back. He felt alive.

For a while or perhaps a moment, he forgot the world around him. He forgot the coldness that surrounded him. It was not him. Though, he would soon feel as if he were a thin sheet of ice, ready to break at any moment.

People had always told him he was cold. That word, cold, had so many negative connotations. Cold. Calculative. Uncaring. Blunt. Why was emotional distance and negativity so stigmatized? He was the voice of reason and was perceptive and intelligent. He wasn't uncaring. He learned to numb the stinging sensation that pierced into him every time a person said something related to their perception of his personality.

Even his parents told him that he was abnormally stoic. It daggered through his beating heart every time, finding its way through his shield consistently. There was one occasion where he fell into a spiral, into a bottomless pit with no rope to climb out of due to what they said. He could remember their voice clear as day, "Maybe you should be around ice since you're so much like it".

He didn't sneer, instead choosing to cast his eyes down. His face scrunched up, whether from anger or incoming tears, he did not know. Perhaps, it was both. Anger, no matter how slight or powerful, was commonly born from how ironic that they say such an icy thing even if part of it was a joke. Remi could hear it in their tone—they meant part of it. They had always wished for a loving family unit. He was loving! He just...didn't show it in the way they wanted.

To spite them he joined Burning Rescue. In the swirling sea of emotions, his mind decided it would be a wise idea to forgo attempting to analyze possible outcomes and people he would meet. The members of Burning Rescue and their varying personalities slammed into him with the weight of a bag of cement. They were all so different, yet the same. They went together because they all had a fire burning deep within their hearts.

Remi was nearly certain that he did not have a flame burning within him.

Ignis had a kind soul, a flame that welcomed and warmed others. Varys had a flame that gave him strength and speed to act within a split second despite danger. Lucia had the flame of passion, drive, and intelligence. Aina held so much love for her sister and her squad. Lastly, Galo, though he was a latecomer, held the flame of courage and an understanding of people that refused to flicker.

Just a few months into joining the squad, Lucia said something to Remi that would be impossible to forget. "You know, Remi, you have some nice gears working together."

Remi did not know what she meant at first. It was common for Lucia to switch from being extremely vague to oddly specific. The sentence stuck onto the walls of his mind for a few weeks. He could not let the memory slip away, though he did not understand why.

He was good at puzzles. This was a puzzle.

It struck him. He remembered all the past comments his fellow members made about him. None were of him being cold. They said he was intelligent with a drive for analyzing people. Ignis mentioned that he could read people well and figure out how to help them, though he was not as good at comforting people. He did small gestures to make up for that. Taking note of each members' favorite food and buying them lunch every so often. Giving tactical advice. Even giving a slight squeeze on the shoulder. That was Remi's equivalent of a warm embrace and Burning Rescue understood that.

He had a kindness within--and finally, he found people that understood that. He could help them and the civilians they rescued. He acted fast and without hesitation. He was surer of his movement. He had a passion for knowledge and creation. His gears and cogs were a mix of different materials and sizes that glimmered and shined together. He loved the rest of his squad, cared for them with all his heart. They were his family; blood had no relevance. He could understand people and acknowledge them just as he was finally acknowledged. He was a combination of Ignis, Varys, Lucia, Aina, and Galo. They were a mixture of him--he finally took that as an indisputable fact. They were all different, yet the same.

Part of him used to think that he would regret doing an action just out of irony and spite. Soon after, he realized that he did not regret it. He would never regret join Burning Rescue and meeting the family he was always meant to have. He typically did not believe in destiny, but perhaps he would make an exception. After all, how could a warmth this strong exist out of pure coincidence?

People are rarely entirely composed of what other people say. Remi was calculative, but he wasn't cold. No, he had a warmth to him that he would showcase to the entire world--even if that only entailed Burning Rescue. His friends. His family. His flame.

End Notes

I've always thought of Remi as the opposite of bland and having depth and creativity to him. Like Lucia, but portrayed in a different way.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!